

# THE WASHINGTON HATCHET

Published Every Sunday

304 Penn. Ave., N.W. Washington, D. C.

W. J. Armstrong & Co., Publishers.

Subscription Rates,	
One Copy, One Year	\$1.00
To Club Agents	.75

THE HATCHET has a larger regular mailing circulation, with one exception, than any Sunday publication in Washington, and we believe the second largest local circulation in the District of Columbia.

### MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.

Scarcely a day passes but that a crime—more or less heinous—is committed in this beautiful city. It cannot be denied that we have a most efficient police force; brave, intelligent, shrewd, resourceful men of brain and brawn, whose commander is the peer of any chief in this or any other country. Also a force of detectives with a most brilliant record. This grand combination rarely fails to "land their man." But when these malefactors are arraigned, aye! there's the rub. The lax methods of our police court impose merely a nominal fine, or give the wretches a rest with plenty of good, substantial food in work-house or city jail, for which accommodation the good people have to pay. To put it in plain, forceful English, any man can commit a criminal act in the District of Columbia and go scot free IF HE HAS THE PRICE. Of course, this does not include capital offenses. A man or woman may rob and steal, and by making restitution and paying a fine of so many dollars is released. A wife beater, the meanest of all criminals, can purchase immunity for dollars and cents. A man may assault his neighbor and fail, by accident, to kill him. A few dollars heals all his victim's wounds, and he struts the earth a free man. We might go on to enumerate, but the above examples are sufficient. More stringent methods should be adopted, and in all cases the punishment should be made to fit the crime.

The Tagals are surrendering to President McKinley. Hoar has declared he will support McKinley for a second term. Atkinson does the same thing, and so it is, that after advocating the cause of the Filipinos, and being the means of causing the loss of thousands of lives of our brave soldiers, these blatant blatherers return to the Republican fold.

The water-front grabbers should be given an order to move, and the river front should be improved, handsome stone docks should be built, and the old rotten structures lining the river front should be pulled down. The rents from the wharf property would pay for all the improvements required, and instead of the present ramshackle structures we have now, we would have new and sightly buildings in their place.

The Chesapeake Beach management is not emulating the action of the "gods" in the manner and way things are being run at the Beach. We have daily complaints made of the acts of rowdiness at the Junction and on the trains running to and from the Beach.

The Boers know a thing or two about sprinting, and John Bull is kept puffing trying to get up to them. De Wet is making a good run, and odds are offered by the sports that he will not be caught, but will reach the mountains and join Delahey, and will be safe for a long time to come.

### HALLEJUH! 'TIS DONE.

The great transaction's done! The legations in Pekin have been relieved and the civilized world rejoices. The flight of the Emperor and Empress, the Prince Tuan and the Court would seem to indicate that the Chinese capital had been abandoned. Later dispatches, however, dissipates this view, as the Internationals met with obstinate resistance. Thus, it appears that the Chinese, instead of yielding to the inevitable, and making the best terms possible, stubbornly resisted, and the relief column was compelled to force its way into the Chinese capital. Information at hand seems to indicate that the Japanese troops bore the brunt of the fighting, but when detailed reports have been received it will, no doubt, be shown that the troops of the other Powers did their full share. The Sacred City is now in possession of the Internationals, who will, we hope, hold it until the reckoning with that fanatical and barbarous people shall have been fully meted out.

### THE FEELING IN PUERTO RICO.

There are two political parties in Puerto Rico—republicans and federals. The federals are anti-American in sentiment, and violent political discussions are frequent. According to a late dispatch, the republicans organized a celebration on Saturday, the 11th inst., in honor of the second anniversary of the occupation of Mayaguez by the U. S. troops. The federals opposed the project. A crowd of federals and republicans got together, and after heated political disputes, revolvers were drawn and a free fight ensued. One man was killed outright, several others were injured—two fatally.

Former Secretary of Justice Diaz, referring to the proposed celebration, remarked that "the day should be one of mourning rather than rejoicing."

It is further stated that Spanish residents have issued a circular calling upon all Spaniards to get together with a view of effecting an organization to promote the interests of Spain. All of which is not very flattering to our mode of procedure in republicanizing the island. Did we go about it in the proper spirit? We do not believe that any fair-minded man living would endorse the course pursued by this Government towards the people of the Island of Puerto Rico. If they are American citizens, treat them as such. If the island is a part and parcel of the United States, grant to the inhabitants thereof all the privileges and immunities guaranteed under our Constitution, and until this is done there will be strife on the island.

A Washington correspondent of the Herald says: All the Powers are known to be formulating the policies which they will propose when the question of Chinese reparation arrives for discussion.

Germany will want mining and railroad concessions in Shan-Tung, besides such effective guarantees that a recurrence of the present trouble will be out of the question.

Russia will want a heavy indemnity for the destruction of her Siberian railroad, while it is impossible, according to the officials, to determine what indemnity this country will require.

### LOVE RULES ALL.

And said I that my limbs were old;  
And said I that my blood was cold  
And that my kindly fire was fled  
And that I might not sing of love?  
How could I to the dearest theme  
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,  
So foul, so false a recreant prove?  
Nor could I name love's very name  
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame?

In peace Love turns the shepherd's reed;  
In war he mounts the warrior's steed;  
In halts in gay attire is seen,  
In hamlets dances on the green,  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below and saints above,  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love,  
—Sir Walter Scott.

### THEY BUILT THE ROAD.

And Gould Knew Where to Get the Rails to Do It.

Jay Gould once wanted to build a short line to a certain place and found rivals in the field. To Sylvester T. Smith he gave imperative orders. "Get out as big a force as possible, and complete the road before the other fellows get wind of it, and we'll head 'em off."

Smith reported presently, "Mr. Gould, we can get all the ties, fish-planks, bolts, nuts and spikes we want, but we can't get the rails." "Telegraph to every mill in the country, and pay any price," said Gould. "I have done so, and there is no chance for a delivery under 12 months." "Then," said the little wizard, "go somewhere and tear up something. We've got to have rails." He indicated the road to destroy, a branch or feeder of the Union Pacific.

Smith soon had the old road torn up and the new one laid down. Then came war. Stockholders of the Union Pacific learned of the enterprise and haled Smith to court to answer for tearing up a railroad that belonged to them. To their questioning he admitted all and had no excuse but that Jay Gould ordered him to do it.

"Who is Jay Gould?" some asked. "What has he got to do with it?"

Up rose a young lawyer from New York to inform them that Mr. Gould owned all the bonds of the Union Pacific road, though not a dollar of its stock, and that he was absolute proprietor of the feeder that Mr. Smith had torn up. There never was a more surprised and mystified lot of men. They had nothing more to say.—San Francisco Argonaut.

### SHE HAS A NEW VALISE.

Why She Bought It and Why, Also, She Will Not Lend It.

A Portland woman tells this story, which may have a moral:

Several years ago her husband made her a present of a traveling bag made of black Russia leather, handsomely mounted and strong and serviceable. She had had it only a few days when the sister-in-law of her boarding mistress borrowed it to take with her to the White Mountains. It looked so much nicer than her own was her apology. It had only been returned a few days when a friend who was going to take a little journey up among the hills of Oxford county begged the loan of it, and again it was taken down from "the upper shelf."

Then another friend was to make a visit of a few weeks in Montreal. Could she take it? She could and did. By this time the new look had vanished, and still its owner had had no occasion to carry it.

One evening a favorite cousin called. He was captain of a brig which was to sail for the coast of Africa the next day, but he himself was going on a steamer via England. Did his cousin have a valise she wouldn't need for six months or so? Reluctantly the traveling bag was produced, and that was the last time the lady saw it for two years, when it reached her by the hand of a sailor from the brig. But it was in such a battered and forlorn condition that she consigned it to the waste barrel.

In the meantime she had bought a new valise, which she declined to lend.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

### A Thoughtful Little Wife.

Young Wife—My dear, there is a gentleman waiting in the other room. He wants to speak to you.

He—Do you know him?

She—You must forgive me, darling, but of late you have been troubled with a cough, besides, you take so little care of yourself, and—oh, if you only knew how anxious I am about you. Suppose I were to lose you, love." (She bursts into sobbing and throws herself on his breast.)

He—Come, my dear, silly child, do be calm, do be calm. People don't die of a slight cold. Still, if it will pacify you, show the doctor in. Who is it?

Dr. Pallot, eh?

She—It isn't a doctor. It is—it is—a life insurance agent!

### Slam's Weights and Measures.

In Slam the liquid measure used is derived from a coconut shell which is capable of holding 830 tamarind seeds, and 20 of these units equal the capacity of a wooden bucket. In dry measure, 830 tamarind seeds make one "kanahn," and 25 "kanahns" make one "sat," or bamboo basket; 80 "sat" make one "kwien," or cart. This is an example of the primitive origin of most units of weights and measures.

### Forethought.

"What did you buy so much of this cheap and worthless coffee for?"

"For these new neighbors of ours in case they prove to be of the borrowing sort. If they don't, you can throw it away."—Chicago Tribune.

The construction of a cigar box may seem to be a very simple matter to the novice, but the box passes through 10 different processes before it is ready to receive the cigars.

Switzerland's expense for the keeping of each inmate in the insane asylums is \$48 a year.

### WILD BOYISH TRICKS.

CRAZY PRANKS PERPETRATED BY COLLEGE STUDENTS.

A Cars Loaded With Bricks That Piled on the Roof of Harvard Memorial Hall—A Weird Decoration For a Statue of Justice.

"In all ages," said the man who observes, "boys have been boys, and if at times their play may smack of brutality, at others it is amusing and even clever. Some years ago at Harvard a cart containing bricks broke down in front of Memorial hall. It being then late, the driver left it there for the night. The next morning, securely resting on the ridge of the roof of Memorial hall, was that self same load of bricks, although how it got there is to this day a mystery. The scuttle to the roof was far too small to admit the body of the cart. On the other hand, the cart was too heavy, it seemed, to have been pulled up by hand from the outside, and besides neither wall nor roof showed any sign of its passage. Yet there it was, and there it remained until at considerable expense to pockets and temper the college authorities had it removed and restored to its clamoring owner.

"The preparatory school to which I went was in a small country village. A fire was looked upon as a great affair and was attended by the students in a body. Once there our custom was to hurl ribald remarks and advice at the various firemen by name. To get even it was their habit, at unexpected moments, to turn the hose upon us. A few duckings taught us caution, and we at length were usually able to scamper away without a wetting.

"One bitter winter afternoon we gathered at a fire and engaged in our usual occupation of baiting the firemen. At length they tried to reach us with the hose, but having anticipated the move we were without its range. But unnoticed behind us had been standing the principal of the school. On his august person the stream of water descended like an avenging fate, and before the panic-stricken firemen could turn it away he was wet to his respectable skin. The water froze as it struck, and we were presently gazing upon a human icicle.

"At length we recovered sufficiently to go to his aid and, wrapping him in coats, drove him rapidly to his home, during which the entire school shook in its shoes, while the wretched firemen were for resigning in a body. But he was a thorough good fellow, and beyond a few words as to the wrong we were doing in interfering with a public servant in the discharge of his duty he allowed the incident to pass by unnoticed.

"The town hall was one of those hideous and bleak structures so common in the New England towns of 20 years ago, where the only attempt at decoration was a funeral cupola in the exact center of the roof, on top of which was a large figure of Justice. To the horror of the selectmen the town awoke one morning to gaze upon a transfigured Justice. A light blue crinoline skirt and red shawl enveloped her figure, and she looked coquettishly out from beneath the shadow of an immense poke bonnet. As a particularly happy thought, she was weighing two babies in the scales.

"Then came an awful row. The town had no hook and ladder truck, without the aid of which no one could be found to remove the garments. The nearest hook and ladder company was 12 miles distant and required not only the permission of the town council but the expenditure of cash to bring it over. The selectmen declared that as it was manifestly a trick of the students the faculty should pay. The faculty firmly refused, holding that there was no proof that such was the case. For ten days the controversy raged, and then the selectmen gave way and paid for the hook and ladder truck. The day the hook and ladder company was to come a storm sprang up which lasted for three days. When the goddess was finally stripped of her clothing, the dyes had run, and she emerged tinted with all the colors of the rainbow. She had to be painted afresh, the selectmen footing the cost with sullen faces.

"The secret was successfully kept as to how the goddess was decorated. The night previous to the occurrence there had been a show in the town hall. When it was over, the captain of the football team and two fellow conspirators had sneaked beneath the balze fronted stage. When all was quiet, they had ascended to the roof. Once there one end of a long rope had been attached to the captain's waist and the other to that of one of the others. The third man accompanied the climber to the base of the figure with the bundle of clothes. The skirt and panties were easily placed, but the shawl and bonnet came as harder work, the figure rocking fearfully on its base. The idea of the rope was that in case the dresser fell he would be saved from rolling to the ground. If such an accident had happened, when he bounded from the sloping sides of the roof he undoubtedly would have carried the football captain to the ground with him. They didn't think of this, however, and it gave them a greater feeling of safety."—New York Tribune.

### A Sure Sign.

When a young lady begins to manifest an interest in the arrangement of a young man's cravat, his bachelor days are numbered. It is time to begin to hoard money.—Collier's Weekly.

It is the humble man that advances. He recognizes his imperfections and strives to improve. His progress is the result of his knowledge of self. The vain, conceited, arrogant man stands still.

## Since the First...

ROCHESTER LAMP was made there have been many "like" or "as good as" it placed upon the market. Some were even said to be "improvements" on it. One by one they fall by the wayside, for experience proves that there is only one lamp that is really better, and we make that, too.

### THE NEW ROCHESTER

In it we embody all that is really worth having in a lamp, both as to quality and style. Don't forget, every genuine New Rochester has the name on the lamp.

We can fill every lamp want. No matter whether you want a new lamp or stove, an old one repaired or refinished, a vase mounted or other make of lamp transformed into a NEW ROCHESTER, we can do it. Let us send you literature on the subject.

THE ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 88 Park Place and 68 Barclay St., NEW YORK.

### SHORTHAND WRITING.

Accuracy Is of Much More Importance Than Speed.

"Speed is by no means the most necessary thing in shorthand writing," explained an experienced stenographer, "but with some teachers it is made the great consideration, often at the expense of everything else. The big thing in shorthand is legibility, for there are many who can write fast enough, but who are unable to tell what it means after it has grown cold. I have been a stenographer, depending entirely on it for my living, for 25 years. During that time I have, of course, picked up some knowledge on the subject. I have been the stenographer for two cabinet officers, four assistant secretaries and three or four senators. Incidentally I have worked for a year as the private secretary of one of the big bank presidents in New York city.

"All of this experience has proven one thing very conclusively, and that is that there is no necessity for any stenographer who does amanuensis work to write over 120 words a minute and in 99 cases out of 100 no necessity to write over 100 words a minute. Indeed, I know of at least 25 stenographers who are drawing the largest kind of salaries as private secretaries who have assured me that they have never been required to average as much as 90 words. Under these circumstances it seems strange that some teachers of stenography will excite pupils to write 150 to 200 words per minute and endeavor to make them believe that such a railroad speed is a necessity. Such a practice does actual injury, for it discourages many from even learning a moderate speed.

"There have been instances where it may have been necessary for stenographers to be able to write over 200 and more words a minute, and there is a legend hanging about the senate chamber that General Hawley, for 10 or 12 minutes in a speech, once spoke 225 words a minute. The average speed of senators in speeches does not reach 110 words and in dictating letters rarely reaches 100 words."—Washington Star.

### SOME SURE THINGS.

Bets to Be Avoided by Those Who Never Tried the Feats.

Bets to be avoided by those who are cocksure they can do all things are those relating to athletic feats. It would seem that a good runner could easily give a start of 50 yards in 100 to a man who was doing the 50 yards by hopping on one leg. But few runners, if any, can afford to give that amount of start to any man who is at all strong on his legs. For the first five yards or so they go at practically the same pace, so that to run 55 yards while his opponent is hopping 45 he has to go more than twice as fast, and it is a weak man indeed who cannot hop 50 yards in ten seconds.

An ordinary wooden match is easily broken in the fingers, but, although there are many who will bet they can do it, none succeed in accomplishing the task if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

No one can crush an egg placed lengthwise between his clasped hands—that is, if the egg be sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg.

It is safe to bet a man that he cannot get out of a chair without bending his body forward or putting his feet under it, if he is sitting on it, not at the edge of it.

Another equally certain wager is that a man cannot stand at the side of a room with both of his feet touching the wainscoting lengthwise.

It is safe to bet any man, save one who is blind, that he cannot stand for five minutes without moving if he is blindfolded.

### Talismans in China.

The belief in the potency of charms, etc., is very widespread among the lower class Chinese and the Shans in parts of Yunnan. The latter in particular have all kinds of amulets to ward off evil, the gem of their collection being one which confers invulnerability on the wearer. This useful quality may also be obtained, I was informed, by undergoing a very painful process of tattooing. During my trip I was shown a "dragon's nest," which looked like a bit of the horsehair stuffing from a foreign saddle, guaranteed to render the purchaser's house safe from fire, and a "female deer's horn," which would enable the fortunate owner to walk a great distance without fatigue.

Not being a landed proprietor or a professional sprinter, I had no use for these things, and though I entered into negotiations with several people for the talisman which would render me invulnerable none of them was willing to stand the test of western skepticism—a revolver at 30 paces—even though I offered them an enormous sum and a handsome funeral in case of accident.—Geographical Journal.

For Preserving CHERRIES, PEACHES and other fruits,

## CHIS. XANDER'S White Brandy

An unexcelled clean White Brandy as sold by us for many years. Well known to housekeepers. The price as usual:

\$2. Gal., 60c Qt.

906 SEVENTH ST.

'Phone 1425. No Branches.

## THE PROGRESSIVE TAILOR'S

GENTLEMEN'S SUITS

The Very Best in the City

Made from \$12 UP.

Repairing While You Wait.

ALTERING A SPECIALTY

Our Dyeing, Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing is guaranteed to be the BEST in the City.

PROGRESSIVE TAILORS.

319 Penna. Ave., N. W.

## NOT IN THE TRUST PURITY ICE COMPANY.

PREPARED TO FILL ALL ORDERS FOR THE SEASON.

J. E. McGAW, Manager.

Corner 5th and L. Sts.,

TELEPHONE 359.

## Karl Xander

1530-32 Seventh St., N. W.

Elk Club Whiskey, 6 years old 75 cents per quart.

Old Reserve 8 years old, \$1 qt.

All kinds of Virginia and California Wines.

## Elegant Club RYE WHISKEY.

J. F. KEENAN,

Wholesale Liquor Dealer,

No. 462 Penn. Ave. NW.

## FOR SALE. HOTEL

75 ROOMS.

BILLIARD ROOM.

11 NEW TABLES.

## CAFE

HOTEL

FURNISHED FOR ONE THOUSAND GUESTS.

Centrally located and doing one of the best hotel businesses in the city.

ENQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.